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A

BURLETTA.

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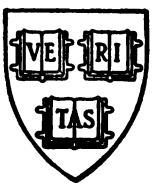

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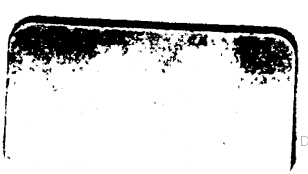

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A

BURLETTA,

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The AUTHOR of MIDAS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAYMARKET.

The MUSICK composed by Dr. ARNOLD.

LONDON,
Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVIII.

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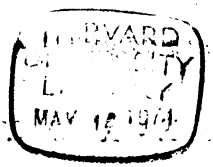

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Extract of a Letter from the AUTHOR, to his Friend in LONDON.

Dear Sir,

THE Interlude of the Magic Girdle, which Mr. Barthelemon left in my hands for correction, furniſhed me with the firſt hint of this Drama. I ſend you the original, that you may ſee my great reſerve in borrowing from it; at the ſame time, humbly begging pardon of the gentleman, unknown, with whoſe haſty ſketch I have taken ſo many liberties. The Plot

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Plot is here totally changed, and his Perſonages thrown into a different caſt of character: I have availed myſelf but very ſparingly of his words; ſcarce at all of his poetry.

I hope he will have the goodneſs to forgive me for what I have retained and what I have rejected, aſſuring him that, he is welcome to uſe ſtill greater licence with any work of mine.

I adopt the laconic Dialogue of Italian Burletta, in order to compriſe my Fable within the narrow limits of late preſcribed by the taſte of your audiences. This is ſhort enough to admit

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admit their being indulged with ſome popular Petite Piece after it.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

DUBLIN,
January 12th, 1775.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Buffalo,	*a fooliſh, ſwaggering, cowardly knave, ſuppoſed Guardian to Cephiſa.*	Mr. BANNISTER.
Count Folatre,	*A young Gentleman of worth, Cephiſa's lover.*	Mr. DU-BELLAMY
Davo,	*Folatre's ſervant, Intriguing and Truſty.*	Mr. EDWIN.
Cephiſa,	*A young heireſs in love with Folatre.*	Miſs TWIST.
Matilda,	*Cephiſa's maiden aunt, indulgent and chearful.*	Mrs. HITCHCOCK.

SCENE, LYONS.

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APRIL-DAY.

ACT I.

SCENE, a Chamber—MATILDA *and* CEPHISA, *at the Tea Table.*

AIR. DUET.

Matil. *HAIL, China's balmy Bev'rage, hail!*
Sip ev'ry lip,
Delighted ſip!
And on the fragrant lymph regale!

Ceph. *Hail Tea! thy grateful ſoothing ſteam*
Kind thoughts ſupplies,
Ideas riſe,
As ſugar ſweet, and ſoft as cream.

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Matil. *Hail China's*
Ceph. *Hail Tea,* } *&c.*

Perch'd on the margin of each cup
A Cupid plays!
Matil. *At the lamp's blaze,*
Hymen the nuptial torch lights up.

Ceph. } *A Cupid plays, perch'd on,*
Matil. } *At the lamp's blaze, Hymen,* } *&c.*

Ceph. } *Cupid's*
Matil. } *Hymen's* } *bleſſings woul'd ye ſhare;*

Ceph. *Drink Tea, ye brave!*
Matil. *Drink Tea, ye fair!*
Ceph. *Drink Tea, ye brave!*
Matil. *Drink Tea, ye fair!*
Ceph.
Matil. } *Drink Tea, ye brave and fair!*

[They riſe and come forward laughing.

RECITATIVE.

Matil. But apropos, child!—This fame Hymen's torch—
'Twere time you think about it.

Ceph. (*ſomewhat diſconcerted*) Think! — think, aunt?

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Matil. Yes, think—come, tell not me;—you girls, do think,
And oft'times think, the hours of celibacy
So many ages.

Ceph. (*confuſed*) Bleſs me, dear ma'am!

Matil. Nay, nay,
Unleſs you think on't young, when old, you'll think,
And not be thought upon—why, here ſtand I now.

AIR.

I, in my giddy days—yes, I
Have had admirers—many;
Yet, was ſo nice, forſooth—ſo ſhy—
I ſcorn'd to fix on any.
One—too lean—one—too fat—
He—too tall—he—too ſquat—
Or—too this—or—too that—
That I never knew, what
I'd be at—
But now from my tantrums emerging,
I feel to my coſt,
What offers I've loſt;
And am, to my grief a ſtale virgin.

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RECITATIVE.

Ceph. Alas! poor aunty.

Matil. Why, the caſe is piteous; *(ſighing)*
But you, my dear! are, by your father's will,
Secur'd againſt it.

Ceph. *(afflicted)* Oh! that will!—that will—
That—"if within the year no match be offer'd,
"To which my frightful guardian, Buffalo,
"Shou'd grant conſent, I muſt, perforce, conſent
"T' accept the odious brute himſelf."

Matil. Too true—
Further—"if you refuſe, then your whole fortune
"Devolves on Buffalo;—and you, for life,
"Immur'd—in ſome lone cloyſter's cell."

Ceph. *(reſentfully)* A cloyſter!

AIR.

How cou'd my fond papa
Be cheated by this elf,
And thus allot
To ſuch a ſot,
His daughter and his pelf?
He ſurely had forgot

That

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That were I like mamma,
Like her I'd pleaſe myſelf.

RECITATIVE.

Matil. Chooſe quickly, then—you've but this night to chooſe in.
What do you purpoſe?
Ceph. (*embarraſſed*) Purpoſe, aunt? I purpoſe—
That is, I wiſh—but no—and yet—a maiden—
You take me? ——
Matil. (*ironically*) Doubtleſs, child—you're ſo explicit.
(*ſerious*) D'ye purpoſe to take Buffalo?
Ceph. (*reſolutely*) The veil firſt.
Matil. Well judg'd! tho' both, perhaps, you yet might ſhun.
Ceph. (*eagerly*) How? How, dear aunt?
Matil. (*with a look of ſignificance*) (*aſide*) I'll try her—(*to her*) pray Cephiſa!
Laſt Sunday, in the circus, from our window—

AIR

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AIR.

Did you mark,
A gay ſpark
In a ſaſh?
On his phaeton rear'd,
How genteel he appear'd,
And how gracefully flouriſh'd his laſh!
So handſome! ſo young,
And cut ſuch a flaſh
As he pranc'd it along!
All the reſt ſeem'd but traſh;
And my very heart ſprung,
To the youth in the ſaſh.

RECITATIVE.

Ceph. (*affecting indifference*) A pair of dapple greys! I think, I did.
Bow'd to us——
Matil. Yes.

Ceph.

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Ceph. His name Folatre, an't it?
Lives—a-la-place Roiale?

Matil. The ſame.

Ceph. *(with affected importance)* Well, aunt,
If this Folatre, with the dappled greys,
Lives, a-la-place Roiale—

Matil. *(impatiently)* He does—he does.

Ceph. Then—I know—nothing of him.
[*laughing.*

Matil. *(pettiſhly)* 'Pſha, don't trifle.

Ceph. *(check'd)* Pardon, ſweet aunt!—this little pleaſantry;
And I'll confeſs—*(heſitates)*

Matil. Out with it, child!

Ceph. *(in confuſion)* That—I—
Do—know him—and—

Matil. *(ſmiling)* And—don't diſlike him—eh?

Ceph. Why—no—yes—can't you gueſs?—in ſhort, dear aunt—

AIR.

My heart is ſo harraſt,
My mind ſo embarraſt,
That, how to get out o' this pucker,

Or

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Or what ſcheme engage in,
I cannot imagine,
Unleſs you afford me your ſuccour.—
My guardian I hate,
As the nunnery grate:
Folatre I prize,
As the light of my eyes.
There's your clue,
So, adieu! Exit.

RECITATIVE.

Matil. A clue, indeed.—Their flame, I find is mutual!
Equal their truſt in me—I'll not forſake them—
Our don's a dolt, a vain chick-hearted bully:
His pride, with flatt'ry firſt, I'll ſooth: that failing,
His fear I will alarm. Next, on his folly,
By ſtratagem, I'll practiſe—huſh! I hear him—
[*ſteps aſide.*

(*Buffalo is heard bluſtering behind the ſcene.*)

Buff. (*ſtrutting in*) To day—'tis April Day—I will be wroth.
(*calls aloud*) Hoa! Dunberblixen, charge my blunderbuſs—my rapier, Scolopendroz! [*ſwaggers*

Enter

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Enter a ſcald Ragamuffin, *who kneels, and preſents him a ſword, then ſneaks off, trembling; he draws it arrogantly.*

Forth, Toledo!
(*kiſſing the ſword*) Now, by thy blade, thy fate-diſpenſing blade! (*fiercely*)
What Caitiff grins this day, ſhall grin in—death.
Matil. (*aſide*) Swollen turkey cock! (*laughing then advances with a low curtſy*)
Magnanimous and ſapient Don Buffalo!
(*curtſies*) With all humility I crave an audience. (*curtſies*)
Euff. (*flinging himſelf proudly on a chair*) 'Tis indulg'd thee—Say.
Matil. (*curtſy*) Signior, to you, as guardian of Cephiſa,
I—modeſtly remonſtrate that—my niece
Is now arriv'd at marriageable years—(*curtſy*)
Buff. (*ſupercilioufly*) The maid is nubile—(*nods*)—on!
Matil. (*curtſies*) And—that—her term
For option—tends—this evening—to its cloſe.
[*curtſies.*
Buff. Proceed. (*with a nod*)
Matil. (*curtſies*) Then, Signior, is it your good pleaſure
To doom her to the veil?

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Buff. (*ſullenly*) No.

Matil. (*chearfully*) You conſent then,
She liſtens to the vows of—Count Folatre?
[*curtſies.*

Buff. (*ſtarting up*) Folatre! (*in a thundering tone*) No.

Matil. (*mildly, curtſying*) Your reaſon, Signior?

Buff. (*in rage*) Reaſon?
Reaſon from me? (*ſtrides about furious*)

Matil. (*curtſying with a ſneer*) True; pardon the miſtake!

Buff. My will—is reaſon—and my will it is,
Cephiſa to exalt to—higher honours—(*ſtruts*)

Matil. Higher, Signior! (*with affected ſurprize*)

Buff. Yea, to the firſt, my hand.

Matil. (*ſcornfully*) Your hand! the honour!

Buff. (*haughtily*) Woman! yes—an honour,
To ſet conteſting princeſſes at variance.

AIR.

Lives there—whoſe valour, blood, and talents,
'Gainſt Buffalo's can poiſe the balance?
Your Cæſars, Platos, Alexanders,
And Senecas, tho' great commanders,

To

To Buffalo muſt vail the bonnet,
If Buffalo inſiſt upon it.—
To whom, for lineage high, Naſſau
Muſt ſtrike the flag, and yield the pas.
(He ſwaggers, ſhe eyes him with the utmoſt diſdain, then breaks out.)

RECITATIVE.

Matil. Valour!—thou whipping poſt! valour!—where ſlept it,
When on the grand parade, this ſame Folatre
Can'd you? and tweak'd your noſe?
Buff. (*with ſtrain'd importance*) He was ignoble;—
Wou'd ha' debas'd my ſword.
Matil. 'Slife, he'd ha' broke it
Croſs your thick ſkull.
Buff. (*with haughty ſolemnity*) Learn, thou impertinent!
That Buffalo delib'rates, ere he acts.
Matil. (*ſneering*) So't ſeems.
[*A ſarcaſtical laugh.*
Buff. So, while I mus'd, his raſhneſs,
How with due dignity—beſt to chaſtiſe,
The coward ſlunk away. (*ſtruts*)

Matil. (*much exasperated*) Coward?—no, braggart!

AIR. DUET.

Matil. *That title's quite your own,*
Your own—of right inherent;
Whereby so well you're known,
That he can claim no share in't.

Buff. *That he's a rank poltroon,*
This sword shall make apparent;
He quakes, if I but frown.

Matil. *You frown on him! you daren't.*

Matil. } *That title's,* } &c.
Buff. } *That he's,* }

He's a pet of your niece's;
For which
I'll cut him to pieces.

Matil. *That tongue yo''ad best rein in—*
D'ye itch
For t'other good caning?

Buff. *By Styx, when I meet him, I'll beat him.*

Matil. *Yet, let me intreat you! not eat him.*

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Buff. } *By Styx,* } &c.
Matil. } *Yet let,* }

You may find him plaguy tough.

Buff. *I shall find him, that's enough.*

Matil. } *You may,* } &c.
Buff. } *I shall,* }

[Exeunt severally.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

The Street before BUFFALO'S *house.*

Enter COUNT FOLATRE, *his servant* DAVO *following. They walk along, looking up to the window.*

FOLATRE, *anxious.*

NO signal yet?

Davo. Her aunt, my Lord, comes forth.

Enter MATILDA, *dissatisfied.* FOLATRE *runs to meet her.*

Fola. Well, my kind patroness! (*eagerly.*)

Matil. (*sorrowfully.*) Count! your proposals I tender'd to the Don.

Fola. Well!

Matil. He rejects 'em. Declares he'll marry her himself.

Fola. (*stunn'd*) Himself! (*in dejection*) I'm lost—ay, this I fear'd. She—She's

She's a treaſure
Not to be yeilded. (*in deſpair*)

Matil. Why then yeild it you?

Fola. What can I do? (*deſponding*)

Matil. Do, Count? rouſe! uſe your wits!
Uſe ſtratagem, diſguiſe! Our oaf's a ſubject
For any, any practice.

Fola. (*pondering*) I'm bewilder'd.

AIR.

Hope, deſpair, and rage ſurrounding,
Juſtling,
Buſtling,
And confounding,
Make a chaos in my breaſt.
Cupid, aid me!—Venus, ſmile!
O Jove! vers'd in am'rous wile,
Now, ſome device ſuggeſt!

FOLATRE *plung'd in meditation,* DAVO *ſteps forward bowing.*

Davo. Pardon my lord—I ſee you're pos'd—
permit me
To ſtart a project.

Fola.

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Fola. (*hopeleſsly*) You!

Davo. (*to* Matil.) Madam—I'm told,
This Don has faith in the Black Art.

Matil. (*attentive*) Religious!

Davo. Aſtrology—and magic?

Matil. Yes, his creed.

Davo. On that I build—I play the Aſtrologer:
You puff me off t' him;—he comes to conſult me.
If my reſponſes make him not as eager
T'eſpouſe Miſs—Belzebub, as Miſs Cephiſa,
Say, I'm—no Conjuror.

Matil. (*much pleas'd*) I like it vaſtly.
(*laughing*) 'Twill make the fool run mad—I'll call
Cephiſa. (*goes in*)

Fola. (*haſtily*) Diſpatch good Davo! run man!
hire a chamber,
Provide your properties.—

Davo. (*with alacrity going*) All ſhall be ready.—

AIR.

Dancer of puppets have I been,
And Mountebank, and Harlequin,
And fortune-telling Wizard.—

If

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If ſome or other of theſe ſhapes,
To gull one formal jackanapes,
Cannot equip me—'tis hard.
I'll enchant,
I'll amaze him;
I will daunt,
I will craze him;
I will make him believe
I've an imp in my ſleeve
Juſt ready to pop out and ſeize him.

[*Exit in a hurry.*

Re-enter MATILDA *with* CEPHISA.

Ceph. (*to* Fola.) My aunt informs me—you've a plot in hand—

Fola. We have, my angel!—One, on whoſe event
My life or death depends. [*taking her hand*

Ceph. (*with tenderneſs, half aſide, with a ſigh*) Perhaps mine too.

Fola. (*fondly*) Bewitching ſoftneſs!

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AIR, DUETT, *which changes to a* TRIO, *and afterwards a* QUARTETTO.

Fola. *Say, maid ador'd! Say! Heavenly Fair!*
What may I hope?
Ceph. *Hope, whatſoe'er*
Honour can grant, and love demand.
Fola. *They claim— in me they claim—your hand.*
Ceph. *My hand?—alas—that is not mine.*
Fola. *Your heart at leaſt.*
Ceph. *Dear youth, 'tis thine.*
The little all I can, I give.
Fola. *And I, as heav'ns beſt boon, receive.*
Ceph. } *The little all* } &c.
Fola. } *And I as,* }

TRIO.

Matil. *Fly, fly!*
In, in niece!—as I live,
Here's Buffalo.

Ceph.

Ceph. (in fright to Fola.) *Good bye!*
Fola. (to her fondly) *Good bye!*
Matil. (to Ceph.) *Fly, fly!*
Ceph. } *Good bye!* [runs off
Matil. } *Fly, fly!*
Fola. } *Good bye!*
Matil. *Here's Buffalo.*
Buff. (rushing in with his sword drawn)
Yes, here am I.
And wise are they, who fly.
Fola. (in rage) *Scoundrel you lie.*
Matil. *Great fools, say I.*
Buff. (arrogantly) *This arm, who dare oppose?*
Fola. } (*scornfullly*) } *The man who pull'd your nose.*
Matil. } (*pleas'd*) } *'Twill surely come to blows.*

Buff. } *This arm, who,*
Fola. } (drawing and moving towards him) *I, I, who,* } &c.
Matil. } (much diverted) *Now, now, 'twill,*

Buff. (retreats, putting up) *Stripling, you owe to the police*
That bloodless, I resheath my sword;
For I'm bound over to the peace. (struts.)
Matil. (laughing) *A good come off, upon my word!*
Buff. } *I am bound over,*
Matil. } *A good come off,* } &c.

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Fola. *Let this releaſe you, ſlave!*
And this. (kicking him.)

Buff. (Still affecting courage) *Ay, you can now be brave.*
Yes, yes. (Going.)

Matil. (Pointing at him.) *Out, coward, bully, knave!*

Fola. *Take this, and this!*

Fola. } *Let this—*
Matil. } *Out, coward—* } *&c.*
Buff. } (Going out.) *Ay, you can—* }

[*Exit* Buffalo, *and afterwards the others.*

SCENE, *A Chamber,* Buffalo *ſolus, muſing.*

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

Buff " Certes, of brain moon-ſmitten
" Muſt be—this Calcitrator,
" This Hotſpur Count Folatre—
" Would elſe the puny kitten
" Ever

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" Ever have fac'd audacious,
(draws) " This blade, or theſe Mouſtachios?
(feigns) " Sa, ſa! There I could drill him.—
[*Puts up.*
" I'll ſwear him lunatic, poſſeſs'd;
" Get him laid under an arreſt:
" And lower ſo his creſt." (*Swaggers.*)

AIR.

How great a bleſſing to my foes,
That, when my wrath could tear 'em,
I let my mercy interpoſe,
And, in compaſſion, ſpare 'em!

Then prudence here ſhines,
(As in all my deſigns)
And wiſdom atones
For my ward, fame, and bones.

Enter

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Enter Matilda, *as out of breath.*

DIALOGUE in Muſick.

Buff. (angrily.) *A fine time o'day,*
To be out o' th' way,
Where a plague could you ſtay?
Matil. *Sure I made no delay.*
Buff. *Two hours at leaſt,*
Now, when time preſs'd;
Matil. *You might ha' gueſs'd,*
I'd go t'engage the prieſt.
Buff. (ſtill chiding) *You crept,*
You ſlept,
Matil. (apologizing) *I but to the Conj'ror ſtept,*
And there was kept.
Buff. (inquiſitively) *The Conjuror?*
Matil. *Yes, Sir,*
Buff. (ſolicitouſly) *What Conj'ror?*
Matil. (ſolemnly) *Oh! an adept,*
Newly ſlipt down from the regions
Of Luna, attended by legions
Of ſpirits of every hue.
Buff. (with ſurprize) *Indeed!*

Matil.

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Matil. *Aye, Sir! a myſtic,*
Deep read
In Cabaliſtic,
Aſtrology,
Necrology,
Tautology,—

Buff. *Is this all true?*

(Eagerly) *And can divine?*

Matil. *Yes, Signior, mine.*
He, at a wink,
Sees all you think;
Knows all you do,
Better than you.

AIR.

He told me the ſecrets of all my paſt life:
He told me how oft' I might have been a wife;
Told how this Knight wheedled, and how that Lord ſwore,
With the kneelings,
The ſighings,
The feelings,
The dyings;
He told me what follow'd, told what went before;
At laſt, in a whiſper, he told ſomething more.

RECI-

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RECITATIVE.

Buff. *(aside, ruminating)* This is past coz'nage;
no juggling here.
(To her, looking wise) Astrology was ever held a
science
Inscrutable, infallible, incredible.
Such hold it I, and therefore hold firm faith in't.
Matil. *(cajoling him)* Most justly reason'd,
Signior!
Buff. *(flattered)* Yes, I propose
To commune with this Sage, from him to learn
All, what my love, or fortunes may concern.—
(Going, stops)

AIR.

Yet, what need I
Consult the sky,
On stars above dependant?
Are not Cephisa's *eyes*
My stars, my destinies,
And lords of my ascendant? [Exit.

As Buffalo *goes out, enter (at another Door)* Cephisa.

RECI-

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RECITATIVE.

Ceph. Lord, Aunt! I thought your conf'rence with the Don
Would never end. Where went he?
Matil. (*with affected careleſſneſs*) Juſt to's Notary,
To perfect a ſmall bond to me.
Ceph. (*amazed*) To you?
Matil. Yes, poor ten thouſand crowns, condition'd ſolely
That I win you, to place your love on him,
And to diſcard the Count; that's all. Now, Cephiſa!
(*As if in earneſt*) You muſt be deſp'rate fond.
Ceph. (*with indignation*) Of him? good Heavens!
And you—you to betray me?—'tis too much.

AIR. (*in agitation*)

No—believe it, I can't,
That my friend—that my aunt

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Who profeſs'd
Such a care
Of my intereſt,
Her niece would ha' ſold,
For a handful of gold,
Like her ſlave, or her beaſt;
But I ſwear
And declare,
All friendſhip's a jeſt,
And ſome but ſpeak fair,
To cozen the reſt.

RECITATIVE.

Matil. You thought me ſerious.

[*Laughs heartily.*

Ceph. (*diſconcerted*) Were you not?

Matil. Mere joke.
Nay more, we have a plot to terrify him.
Davo will boaſt the powers of magic art,
And thus diſguis'd ſo work upon his fears,
That he ſhall trembie at the thoughts of marriage,
And beg Folatre to accept your hand.

AIR.

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AIR.

His doughty Donſhip,
I've got on the hip,
I'll ſilence his Rhodomantadoes,

The Conj'ror's a whip,
To make a knave ſkip,
And humble a bully's bravadoes. [Exit.

Ceph. (*ſmiling*) Sh'as hook'd her gudgeon.—
Now, the playing's all.
I'll follow, to be ready at the landing.
(*with emotion*) Why palpitates my heart? do I not ſee
That this clod's pride, and fear, and ſuperſtition,
All op'rate to our aid? (*ſighs*) wou'd 'twere well over!

AIR.

The merchant whoſe whole ſtock,
One crazy bark conveys,
Each moment feels the ſhock,
Of ſhelves, ſhoals, winds, and ſeas.
My cargo's love; wedlock, my port;

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Blow fair, kind gale!
For if thou fail,
My diſmal reſort
Is—the Veil. [Exit.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

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ACT III.

SCENE, Davo's *Apartment.*

Enter Matilda, *conducting* Buffalo. [*myſteriouſly*

MATIL. *(in a low voice.)*

THESE are the conj'ror's chambers. Here I leave you. [*going.*

Buff. *(afraid)* Alone? Leave me alone?

Matil. He ſees but one at once—good ſtars t'ye! [*Exit.*

Davo, *behind the Skreen.*

Davo. *(aloud, ſolemnly)* The ſtars announce Don Buffalo's approach.

Buff. *(aſide, aw'd)* Unſeen, to know and name me—Strange indeed!

Davo.

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Davo. (*louder*) Open locks,
Ere he knocks.

[*The ſtage is darken'd, and the ſcene flying open, Davo is ſeen ſitting gravely at the table in a magician's habit, awfully waving his wand, while Buffalo ſtands ſilent in terror and amaze.*

Davo. (*ſolemn*) Be Jupiter predominant in Virgo,
Aſpect benign! [*Thunder*] A gracious omen.—
(*Riſes and bows.*)

Buff. (*quaking as* Davo *advances towards him*)—(*Aſide*) Save us!

Davo. In me, Don Buffalo! in me thou ſeeſt
The type, the proto-type, the archc-type
O' th' myſtic Cabala—Me, the nine planets,
Their Major Domo—Me, th' ecliptic comets,
Their aid-de-camp—Me, the bear's arctic, cataractic,
Saturnus, Urnus, Ops, Hydrops, Libra, Zebra,
(Wi' the reſt of the menageric celeſtial)
Their warden recogniſe.

Buff. (*in a tremulous voice, and bowing low*)—Yes, Sir!

Davo. (*continuing*)—All ſcience,
Lucid,

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Lucid, abſtruſe, natural, præter-natural,
Occult, incult, difficult, exult, I fathom;
Chiromance, Stultomance, and Necromance.

Buff. (*bowing*) Sir! I believe it well.

Davo. (*with a nod of approbation*)—Thou'rt wiſe—confide.

I can erect, deject, detect, direct,
Correct thee, or protect thee.

AIR.

For I—am Dæmogorgon,
Of Deſtiny the organ;
By me, the fatal Siſters
(Of weal and woe the twiſters)
Their privy-council ſquare.
By me, paſt, preſent, future,
Fortunes good, bad, or neuter,
To all who truſt, declare.

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RECITATIVE.

Buff. (*Aſide, with uplift hands and eyes*) Fate's Premier! — (*bowing with reverend dread, and laying his purſe at* Davo's *feet*)
[*tremulouſly*] Sage Dæmogorgon, central point of ſcience!
Deign to accept this offering.
Davo. (*with ſupercilious condeſcenſion*) Buffalo!
Thy liberality hath won our favour.
Buff. (*bowing*) Wiſe Sir!—there is—
Davo. (*authoritatively interrupting*) Baſta! I read thy inmoſt.
There is—I know't—a maid, thy ward, Cephiſa,
Whom thou wouldſt wed.
Buff. (*amazed*) O heav'ns!
Davo. (*in a ſignificant half whiſper*) Haſt forg'd a will
To bind her thine.
Buff. (*in conſternation, aſide*) Nay then, the Devil's his prompter.
Davo. (*ſolemnly*) The ſtars frown on that union—wed her not.

AIR.

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AIR. DUET.

Buff. *Not wed her?*
Dav. *No.*
Buff. *Not bed her?*
Dav. *No.*
No, no, no, no.
Buff. *Why ſo? why ſo?*
Davo. *She hath a ſpell upon her.*
Buff. *Not ſhe, upon my honour.*
Davo. } *I ſay, a ſpell upon her.*
Buff. } *I ſay no ſpell, 'pon honour.*
Davo. (angry.) *Audacious! ſuch defiance!*
Of Stars! of Arts! of Science!
Buff. (piqued) *I think my paſt compliance*
Might claim the ſtars' compliance.
Davo. } *Audacious!* } &c.
Buff. } *I think my,*
Davo. *No, no.*

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Buff. *Why ſo?*
Davo. *They know full well*
She hath a ſpell.
Buff. *What ſpell? pray tell.*
Davo. *Hear thou the ſpell;*
And mark it well.
Buff. } *What ſpell?* } &c.
Davo. } *Now mark.* }

"The firſt who taſtes her charms,
"Shall periſh in her arms."

Buff. *Once there, I dread no harms,*
Theſe are but falſe alarms.
Davo. } *The firſt who,* } &c.
Buff. } *Once there, I,* }
Falſe, very falſe alarms.

RECITATIVE.

Davo. (*as in rage*) Rebel! ſince my 'monitions thou regard'ſt not,
Dæmons themſelves ſhall ſpeak to thee. Stand clear!

[*Waves his wand, and draws a circle on the floor.*—Buffalo *ſprings aſide, trembling*]

INCON-

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INCANTATION.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied by Magical Muſick.*

Davo. Up from the murky den of night,
Hither *Hob nob-gob* expedite
Thine inſtantaneous flight!

[*Thunder—a flaſh,* Folatre *riſes, diſguiſed as a frightful Dæmon.*

Fola. I come—I come—
Buff. Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend us!
Fola. Liſt, *Buffalo,* liſt, Oh liſt!
But tremble not, and be your fears diſmiſt.

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AIR.

Nay, Buffalo, be not afraid,
By my terrific form diſmay'd,
Nor ſcar'd by my grim feature!
Know, Don, I come, your life to ſave,
To drag you from the yawning grave,
For I'm a gentle creature.

Me, Buffalo, be ſure to prove,
In all the offices of love,
As ſoft as Southern breezes;
My ſervices can ſcarce be told,
The fearful lover I make bold,
And warm the heart that freezes.

RECI-

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RECITATIVE.

Davo. "'Tis well, a gentle ſprite!
"In order, now recite
"The pains, fore doom'd to blight
"That woe-worn wight,
"Whom firſt, by nuptial rite,
"Hymen to fair Cephiſa ſhall unite."
Fola. Within this ſcroll,
His fate I enroll.
Davo. (*taking the ſcroll, ſays to Buffalo*) Hear then.

AIR.

Ere he can ſnatch one kiſs,
In prelude to his bliſs,

He

He will be ſtruck——Hepatic,
Sciatic;
He will be ſtruck——Aſcetic,
Phrenetic;
He will be ſtruck——Athritic,
Pleuritic;
He will be ſtruck——Leprotic,
Sclerotic;
He will be ſtruck——Scorbutic,
Morbutic.
Laſt—drop—beſide her bed,
Stone dead—dead—dead.

RECITATIVE.

Davo. *(to Buffalo)* Now infidel! ſtill doubt'ſt thou?

Buff. *(venturing to look up, but trembling)* Pardon!

Pardon! great ſage! I am convinc'd—not worlds
Shou'd tempt me wed her.

Davo.

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Davo. (*importantly*) Not firſt—no—not firſt.
(*touching him with the wand*) Riſe, Don! now liſt
the words of inſpiration.
In Mars they're character'd.
[*Gazing, and pointing.*

Buff. (*raiſing himſelf on his knees, with up-lighted hands*) Read them, great ſage.

Davo. Thus they—"Thou haſt one mortal
"foe—a count;
"He loves the maid—thou hat'ſt him."

Buff. (*aſide, more aſtoniſh'd*) Intuition!

Davo. "Inſtant conſent—He wed her; ſo he
"dies;
"So is ſhe freed, and ſo the ſpell diſſolves."

AIR.*

Fola. *Who firſt aſcends her bed,*
His bliſs ſhall be his bane;
He'll find the marriage bed
A couch for death and pain.

* Omitted in the repreſentation.

But

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But the second, Oh Heav'n! the second,
The happiest of men shall be reckon'd;
The second blest spouse she's decreed to,
Shall find her a virgin and widow.

[disappears

RECITATIVE.

Buff. (*bouncing up in transport*) Thanks, thanks, kind Dœmogorgon!—Yes, I do;
I do consent.

[*Davo waves his wand, a roll of parchment falls from above: he takes it up and unrolls it.*

Davo. (*presenting it to Buffalo*) A deed in form!
—down darted
From Mars's orbit—sign thou this.
Buff. (*eargerly*) With joy.
There sage! 'tis sign'd. (*delivers it*) Folatre be the first,
And Buffalo, the happy second spouse!

AIR

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AIR.

In terror, fear and ſadneſs,
Apoplexy, palſy, madneſs,
His marriage be ſhall rue.
The fates his promis'd joys ſhall blight;
Furies the nuptial torch ſhall light;
And on the bed, where Cupids play,
Black imps a winding ſheet ſhall lay,
And give the devil his due.

II.

And then, the pride of ſtory,
Rapture taſting, ſnatching glory,
Her charms ſhall I poſſeſs:
The loves and graces ſhall attend,
Venus her hero ſhall befriend;
Each flying hour on purple wing,
New joy, new revelry, ſhall bring,
And all conſpire to bleſs.

[After the Air, *Matilda*, *Cephiſa*, and *Folatre*, in his own habit, come from behind the ſkreen.

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RECITATIVE.

Matil. Yes, Don, we'll witneſs to your deed and bliſs;
When the Count dies, you're ſure of Cephiſa.
[*A general laugh.*

Buff. (*ſtaring round in vexation and ſhame*) Confuſion!
Gull'd!

Fela (*ſlouchingly*) But an April maſque—I play'd the Dæmon!

Davo. (*bowing ludicrouſly*) The conj'ror I, ſage Davo, at your ſervice.

[*Buffalo hangs down his head; then, in deſperation, runs with his drawn ſword at Davo.*

Buff. This pay thy wages, cheat!

Davo. (*preſenting a pocket piſtol*) This pay my thanks!

Buff. (*on his knees,*) Mercy! oh mercy!
[*Flings away his ſword.*

Matil. (*with contemptuous indignation*) Foh! you baited bull!

This

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This day is Folly's feſtival—You, Signior,
Tho' not the only one, perhaps the chief
Of her examples—from our plot amend!

AIR. QUINTETTO.

Matil. *Now you're pinn'd to the ſtake,*
What a figure you make!
Davo. *Nay, leave me to deal with our ſir there.*
Buff. (aſide) *I tremble, I quake.*
Ceph. (ironically, to Davo) *Hold, hold, for my ſake!*
My ſweet ſecond ſpouſe would you murther?
Fola. (ſcornfully) *On a reptile ſo weak,*
What revenge can one take?
Buff. (to all, plaintively) *Ye have humbled me—what would ye further?*

Matil. *Now you're,*
Davo. *Nay, leave,*
Buff. *I tremble,*
Ceph. *Hold, hold,*
Fola. *On a,* } &c

Buff. *Ye have humbled me—what would ye further.*
(embracing Davo) *Thanks kind Davo!*

Davo.

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Davo. (with a ludicrous bow) *Sir! your Schiavo!*

Matil. (applauding) *Bravo! bravo!*

Buff. (again embracing Davo) *Gen'rous Davo!*

Ceph.
Matil.
Foz. } *Bravo! bravo!*

Davo. (bowing to all) *Schiavo! Schiavo!*

THE END.

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